

Everybody should buy a copy of "Yours Truly," Sold by all Song Dealers.

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# SMITHERS FAMILY.

Original by EDWARD HARRIGAN.

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Oh, I'm a poor old nig,  
And dat's my only boy,  
I tell you he's his daddy's pickanniny;  
And when I gaze upon him,  
It fills my heart with joy,  
I feel I'm young again in old Virginny.

BOY.

Yes, every word am true  
De old man tells to you,  
I takes after him in style, and cut and figure;  
Dars no boy in de land  
Can begin to shuffle sand,  
Like dis highfalutin extraordinary nigger,  
So watch dis old coon and his son.

BOY.

Oh, fadder, don't get mad,  
When I tell you dat your shuffles ain't in time;  
You must point your heels down so,  
And don't you dance so slow,  
Just watch de little movement dat's in mine.

OLD MAN.

Don't talk boy, it's no use,  
For I isn't quite as loose  
As I was some fifty years ago;  
Den I could dance and sing,  
And cut a pigeon's wing,  
But I tell you dat de old man isn't slow,  
So watch dis old coon and his son.

BOY.

Oh, fadder, 'xplain to me  
Why you bend so in de knee,  
Is it 'cause you got der rheumatiz;  
I know you isn't well,  
Dars something you won't tell,  
Dat keeps you kinder backward in your biz.

OLD MAN.

Oh, boy, don't act so wild,  
Act like a natural child,  
Just give your fadder one more chance;  
For I tell you 'twon't be long  
When de old man he'll be gone,  
Broken—But Sam, he never will give in on de dance  
So watch dis old coon and his son.

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